# The Franklyn Chronicles

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15147779.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Not Rated |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Franklyn Froideveaux/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Franklyn Froideveaux |
| Additional Tags: | Franklyn writes fanfiction, it's terrible, He just really likes Hannibal, cringy wrinting, Was created that way, Franklyn abuse, I Don't Even Know, I REGRET NOTHING, Will Graham Knows, He doesn't mind though, season one AU, Everyone is happy healthy an alive AU, Hannibal is still a cannibal though, Mentions of Murder, everyone is ooc, Its just more fun that way, Hannibal can't kill Franklyn cause he'll get caught, Narration by Will, Crack, Comedy, why did I write this, more to come - Freeform |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 3 of Someone Love Franklyn |
| Stats: | Published: 2018-07-03 Words: 2,281 Chapters: 1/1 |

# The Franklyn Chronicles

by that_squishy_robot

Summary

Franklyn secretly writes fan-fiction about himself and Hannibal... It's just not as secret as he'd like. Enjoy the many stories he's written, with comments from Will and Hannibal.

*Hannibal and Will were quietly enjoying dinner in Hannibal's dining room. It had been a long day, and they were content to just enjoy each other's company over anything else.*

*"Oh, so I found something interesting in your office today." Will said setting down his glass of wine.*

*"Do tell, my dear Mongoose."*

*"You know that weird patient of yours? The one with the cheese that really hates me?"*

*"What has he done this time?" Hannibal asked. He really needed to find a way to get rid of that man. His constant hatred of Will, and obsession with Hannibal himself were really getting out of hand. Why did it have to be so difficult for to get rid of ones more unruly patients?*

*"He's got this whole book full of Fanfiction about you." Will said pulling out a worn notebook from his bag. The bag Hannibal specifically asked him to not leave in the dining room.*

*" Fanfiction?"*

*"Yeah. It's like writing a book but using characters that have already been created." Will explained.*

*"That aside, Will. You can not go and read the private thoughts of one of my patients, and neither can I without permission. You should put that back where you found it tomorrow."*

"_Hannibal looked at Franklyn like he had hung the moon and stars. He couldn't imagine loving anyone other than the man standing in front of him. _"

*"...Will..." Hannibal started.*

"_Hannibal was the perfect combination of rugged masculinity and posh elegance. His high cheekbones must have been carved by god himself, his ass as well. _"

*Hannibal choked on the wine he was trying to elegantly drink, making Will laugh so hard he almost knocked his own over.*

*"Come on. I know that creepy curiosity is going to get the best of you. Might as well give in now."*

*"Fine. You may read one, and then we never speak of this again." Hannibal sighed.*

___

Franklyn rung his hands together nervously. This was the eighth time he had been referred to another psychiatrist. There was just no one who could help or understand him.

He was special and worked on a different level than anyone else. It was difficult for him to live this way, alone and misunderstood.

But, he wouldn't give up hope. No, Franklyn had his whole life ahead of him and a few unhelpful doctors would not change that.

"Franklyn Froideveaux." A heavily accented voice had called him. The doctor's voice was deep and commanding. It made Franklyn shiver without even realizing it.

He got up from the chair in the waiting room to meet his new Doctor. Hannibal Lecter.

"That's me, it's nice to meet you." Franklyn said, shaking the man's hand. He had a strong grip and his hand was warm.

___

*"Wait. Wait. Wait." Will said suddenly. "I call bull shit. Your hands are as cold as fucking ice."*

*"Perhaps your skin is just more sensitive, Mongoose." Hannibal noted.*

*"Hannibal, I go ice fishing. I don't think that's the case. But anyway."*

___

"It is nice to meet you as well. Please come in a take a seat." Hannibal said, offering for Franklyn to walk in first.

The office was large and decorated rather darkly. It was not Franklyn's first choice in looks, but to each their own.

"So, Mr. Froideveaux, tell me why is it you are here." Hannibal started.

"The usual." Franklyn started. "I'm different from everyone else, so I'm alone."

"I see. What do you believe it is that makes you different from everyone?"

"I guess I've never really put that much thought into it. I guess it's my emotions, I feel so much, and people just don't seem to get that." Franklyn sighed. He felt that this was going like every other appointment he had ever had.

"And who are those who do not understand you?" Hannibal asked.

"My family for one, never really understood me, but I've moved on. I've found social circles with people who enjoy the same things I do. They don't understand me, but at least we can have a good time."

"What is your idea of a good time?"

“I’ve found the opera to be quite interesting. There’s just so much emotion portrayed. Orchestras aren’t that bad either, but only if they are playing something original. Sometimes music is meant to be played by the one who wrote it.” Franklyn laughed lightly. “Anything I can wear a nice suit to is something I would enjoy, in all honesty.

Hannibal's eyes lit up as he mentioned all of this. “Please go on. You will find that we have similar interests.”

So Franklyn did. They talked and talked for what seemed like a ridiculous amount of time. However, only an hour had passed. The large black clock in the corner signaled that with a deep chime.

“Oh dear.” Hannibal said. “It seems I have wasted your hour with simple small talk. I am terribly sorry. I will not be charging you for this session.”

“No. It’s fine… Actually this is the first time I am going to be leaving therapy feeling better.” Franklyn smiled reassuringly. “I guess it’s just nice to find a kindred spirit.”

“Franklyn… May I offer something rather unorthodox?”

Franklyn felt himself blush and freeze at that very moment. He wasn’t sure what to make of what was going on. Hannibal was a very attractive man, and they had so much in common… But could it possibly lead to something else. How long had it even been since Franklyn had been in this type of situation? “O-of course.” He finally managed to stutter out.

“Perhaps it is not therapy you need, but rather a friend?” Hannibal offered.

Franklyn felt relieved, but also disappointed.

—

*“Isn’t this basically what happened between us?” Will asked.*

*“No. I believe you rudely dismissed my advances for friendship, until we had to much wine one night.”*

*Will laughed, grabbing his current glass of wine. “Well. I like to think that went just fine.”*

*“I will toast to that, my dear.”*

—

“I supposed I could, but how do we go about this, Doctor Lecter.”

“First would be for you to refer to me by my first name.” Hannibal noted.

Franklyn obliged, pleased to see the light blush that appeared on Hannibal’s face.

“Yes… Second, I would like to invite you to my home for dinner tonight.”

“D-Dinner?”

“Of course. I have been told I am quite a good chef.” Hannibal smiled.

“Ok… I’d like that, what time should I be there?”

“8 o’clock.”

___

*“Everyone is dying to get an invite to your table, huh?” Will laughed.*

*“For good reason.”*

___

Hannibal’s house seemed a bit gloomy at first glance. At least the outside. Franklyn was sitting outside in his Audi, trying to calm his nerves. It was just dinner and he shouldn’t be getting his hopes up. It may have seemed like Hannibal had understood him, but that’s how it always seemed at first.

It would go great, and then somehow, he would feel more alone than when he started.

No, he couldn’t give up hope.

Franklyn took a breath before walking up to the front door. When he knocked it was almost instantly that Hannibal answered.

“Franklyn. It is great to see you.” Hannibal smiled, moving aside for him to come inside. He was dressed in a white plaid suit, that oddly gave Franklyn wedding vibes.

“Y-yes. Great… Good. You look nice.” Franklyn stammered out. He felt like an idiot, but Hannibal simply smiled at him.

“Please join me in the dining room.”

When Franklyn walked inside, the presentation was beautiful. There was an arrangement of flowers in the middle of the table, and around them was many plates of delicious looking food.

“Have a seat, while I grab the wine. Try some of the food while you wait.”

So Franklyn did… It was terrible. The presentation was amazing, but the food seemed bland in some places and over spiced in others.

___

*“Hannibal. Hannibal, breath.” Will started.*

*“My food is terrible? I will show him the extent of my cooking when I force him to eat his own kidneys.”*

*“Remember your rule on not killing patients.”*

*“I see no reason as to why this rule cannot be broken.”*

*“How about I just get rid of this, and we pretend we never looked at it, ok?”*

*“No. Continue. I want to plan exactly how he’s going to suffer.”*

*Will sighed. “Look. I’ll finish reading it, but if your try to do anything stupid, I’m going to hop on my boat and leave for a month.”*

—

Despite the relatively disappointing food, Franklyn still found himself drawn to Hannibal in so many ways.

Perhaps if this really did go farther, Franklyn could show Hannibal a few things in the kitchen.

—

*“Ok. Before I read anymore, I would like to remind you that I am your very loving boyfriend. Who thoroughly enjoys your cooking. So if you feel like stabbing, do not stab me.”*

—

They ate in silence for the most part. Hannibal had given Franklyn the head of the table and taken the seat next to him.

Despite the kind of gloomy atmosphere of the closed off dining room, Franklyn felt content.

Perhaps a lot of that was due to the way Hannibal would lightly smile at him. Or the way his eyes would light up when he did.

Hannibal was beautiful, and Franklyn found he couldn’t take his eyes off of him.

“Perhaps you should take a picture.” Hannibal finally said.

“Oh! Sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable… I uhm. Yeah. really sorry… You’re just…” Franklyn tried to stammer through an answer that made him seem like less of a creep, but everything would come back to ‘You have a nice face that I enjoy looking at.’

Hannibal only laughed at him, his face coloring pink just slightly. “I seem to find myself in the same position it seems.”

Franklyn loved seeing Hannibal blush, but found himself doing the same. He reached for his wine, hoping to blame the sudden flushing on his cheeks on the alcohol… Only to knock it over in his haste.

It wouldn’t have been all that terrible, it it hadn’t of spilt all over Hannibal.

Franklyn was mortified. He could barely speak. Everything they had just built was quickly falling apart. “I- I’m so sorry. I can’t… Please bill me the dry cleaning, or the bill for a whole different suit.”

Hannibal wasn’t angry, no it was more impassive to the whole situation. “Accidents happen.” He said, standing up to dry himself off with one of the cloth napkins. “Allow me a moment to go upstairs and change.”

With that he walked away, leaving Franklyn to wonder if he should just leave. It really was an accident, he hadn’t meant to embarrass himself or Hannibal. God, he was a mess.

Maybe he should leave the country. Move to France and create a new identity.

Or maybe he should go upstairs to apologize.

Franklyn made his way up the stairs, marveling at the beautiful artwork that hung on the wall.

Hannibal’s room was the last one on the right, at least Franklyn thought so considering the door was open and the light was on.

“Hey Hannibal… I just wanted to say I’m sorry again. I’m such a klutz when I get nervous, and spending time with you has just been so great, I….” He couldn’t finish his sentence.

Not with Hannibal standing there, wearing nothing. He was wiping his chest down with a damp towel.

Franklyn couldn’t move, but to be honest he didn’t want to. Hannibal Lecter was built like a Greek god. His body chiseled beyond belief. Franklyn had no idea what had been hidden underneath those suits.

His eight pack was glorious.

—

*“Not a word, Will.”*

*“What?”*

*“If you say anything, I will not be responsible for what I do.”*

*Will rolled his eyes. “You are so dramatic. You don’t need to have an eight pack to be the sexiest person on the planet. Especially not when you have that ass.”*

*“Crude, but I appreciate the compliment.”*

—

“Perhaps we should revisit the picture idea.” Hannibal said, doing nothing to show he was embarrassed in anyway.

If you were as attractive as he was, you wouldn't have to be.

“S-sorry!” Franklyn shouted quickly. “I came up to try and apologize again and I…”

“It is nothing to worry about.” Hannibal said, walking closer. Still very much naked. “But perhaps there is a way you can repay me.” He tilted Franklyn’s face up, and gently placed a kiss to his lips.

___

*“Ok. I’m gonna stop here, because the rest of this is him railing you over the side of the bed, and on the window, and in the shower.” Will said, sliding the notebook across the table.*

*Wordlessly, Hannibal took the notebook into the Livingroom and tossed it into the fire place.*

*“Back to hell from whence you came.” Will laughed, following into the living room with a newly filled glass of wine.*

*“Never bring something like this into my home again.”*

*“Alright, alright. I should have left it alone. Come upstairs and I’ll make it up to you.” Will said, draping himself over Hannibal’s broad shoulders from behind.*

*“There is nothing you can…”*

*“How about I wear that blue tie you like so much.” Will interrupted, as he whispered against the side of Hannibal’s neck. “Only the tie.”*

*“Perhaps that would be a start.” After all Hannibal would do anything to get Will into a tie, clothing optional.*

*“Good, go upstairs and wait for me, while I clean up.”*

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!